The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dow. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reverſion,
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and miſchance looke big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had beene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diviſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbiterment,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in upon us:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine;
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre,
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.
Dow. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot.